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'06



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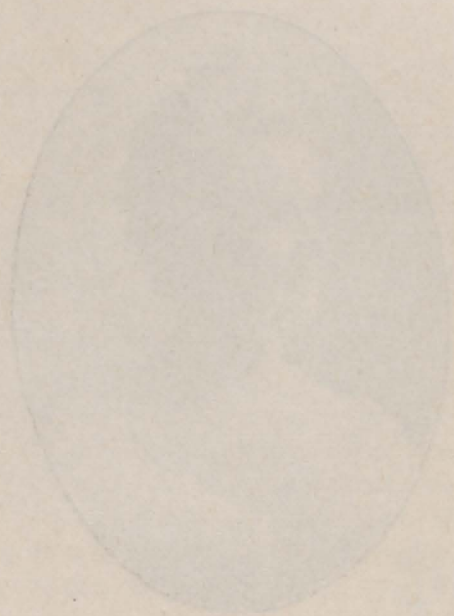
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MISS CORA LOUISE FITCH.



THE HYAK

Vol. V

TACOMA, WASHINGTON, JUNE, 1906.

No. 9

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM.

Processional Hymn No. 516.....

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before!
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see His banners go.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before!

At the sign of triumph Satan's host dost flee:
On, then, Christian soldiers, on to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver at the shout of praise;
Brothers, life your voices, loud your anthems raise!
Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we;
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward, etc.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail.
Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people! join our happy throng!
Blend with ours your voices, in the triumph song!
Glory, laud and honor, unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages, men and angels sing.
Onward, etc.

Prayer	
Two pianofortes, Polonaise Op. 40. No. 1.....	<i>Chopin</i>
Misses Grace McDonald, Martha Chapin, Nellie Parker, Alice Houghton	
Pianoforte, To Spring	<i>Grieg</i>
Madeline Clark	
Address	Bishop Keator
Chorus, The Mill Wheel	<i>Podbertsky</i>
Pianoforte, La Polka de la Riene.....	<i>Raff</i>
Misses Gertrude Nicol, Irene Muir	
Presentation of Diplomas	
Collects	
Benediction	

“TO KALOR KATEXETE.”

“Hold Fast the Good.”

“It is altogether certain, my dear friends, that there are some, at least, among us today who would gladly give this maxim, the motto of the class of 1906, in whose honor we are here assembled, a wider application than those who chose it had in mind. And in this wider application, for ourselves, as well as for them, we would like to say: ‘Hold fast the good.’

First of all, we would like to hold fast, in the sense of holding back this good school year which has gone all too quickly and is coming to its end all too soon. Without stopping to make any comparisons, we know that it has been one of the best, at least, in the history of this Seminary. It has been a year full of good health, good study, good pleasure, and good progress both in learning and in manners. With an attendance which has taxed to its utmost the capacity of this building and this school room; and with a band of teachers whose faithfulness and devotion is best shown by the interest which they have awakened in, and the real affection in which they are held by those under their care; and all, under the leadership of a principal whom we all delight to honor, we believe that the sacred trust committed to us by the founder and the benefactor of this school has been wisely and faithfully preserved. This good year has seen the reputation of this school for thorough work and sound learning amid the refining influence



RT. REV. F. W. KEATOR, D. D.
Bishop of Olympia.

of a Christian home-life established more securely, and while there is ample ground for the hope that many more good years are to follow, still we are loath to part with this. We would gladly hold fast the good.

Then again we would like to hold fast in the sense of keeping with us, this good class of 1906. If there were not so many graduates of recent years here this morning, I don't know but what I might be tempted to call it the best class the Seminary has had. If I did so I hope no one would accuse me of fickleness. You know it is always the custom to speak of the last as the best,—and then there are the records to prove that this is certainly the largest class which, up to the present, has graduated. They can truly say, 'We are seventeen.' And the best that any class of previous years has been able to say is 'We are eleven.'

Of course, I am well aware that it is not quantity alone which counts. And if you will insist upon quality being taken into the account. I am quite ready to go on with the case. The only quality that counts here, of course, is that which shows itself in hearty co-operation with the aim and purpose of this school, and in influence upon its life and work. The record of the Class of 1906 is made,—and the verdict of those who are in position to know is that for the kind of quality I have named, it stands *facile princeps*. I put it in Latin for the reason that perhaps it may be easier to take that way.

The fact is that in the history of every institution of learning there are always the 'famous classes.' In the good old Yale days we used to hear a great deal about the 'famous class of '53.' So the record stood until '80 came along and moved the peg up a notch. I stopped counting then, but I doubt not, there are others by this time. The point I want to emphasize is that it is so and that it is well that it is so. Not only is it a mark of progress, but a mark of promise as well, as it gives an incentive to those who come after not only to equal but to excel those who have gone before.

My dear girls, you at least, will believe me when I tell you that the Class of 1906 is the 'famous' class in the history of the Seminary. You have placed a high mark here by the work you have done, and the influence you have wielded. You have helped in no small part to make the year good by the hearty way in which you have entered into all that has made up the life of this school, by the willing acceptance of its discipline both

in learning and manners, and by helping in many ways to set forward its interests and its welfare. The only sad thing about it is that it has made the year go by all too swiftly, until now it is all but gone, and much as we would like to hold you fast and keep you here longer, we must give you the rewards which shall be the outward and visible signs of the completion of your course and then let you go with our love and blessing. Here are the rewards ready and waiting, but I must tax your patience a little longer as I proceed with the Bishop's address, which address, as I must forewarn you, will be directly to you, and only incidentally to the others gathered here. I want to dwell a little on some of the lessons of your class motto, lessons which I venture to hope may go with you as you leave this school, to serve both as reminder and incentive in the life before you. Hold fast the good. First, let me help you to gather up some of the good things which have come to you here, the good things which will remain if you will but hold them fast. The list is quite a long one, and I may not go through it all, but certainly it must begin with your study.

Your chief purpose in coming here was to learn and that purpose has been kept constantly before you as chief. Each school day has brought with it its part in the carrying out of this purpose. As the foundation of learning you have had to fix in your minds certain facts,—the facts of literature, mathematics, history, music, and the rest. Then you have had to place one fact by the side of another fact, to discover the bearing of one upon the other, and so you have come to the knowledge of principles.

These facts and principles you have now stored up in your minds and memories as good things which shall remain so long as you hold them fast. And this I hope you will certainly try to do, because it is most important that so far as possible we should try to keep some hold upon the separate details of what we have once learned to make us quicker to understand and better to appreciate the glories of nature, the wonders of science, the beauties of literature and the intense interest of history. But suppose we do not, (and who of us does?) retain them all, there is still good remaining when the facts and figures, many of them, have faded from memory, and here comes the next good on the list: Discipline.

All the study and the work to which you have grown accustomed here have left behind them a lasting good as they have trained your minds

to think, your hearts to love and your wills to do. From the standpoint of experience I can tell you that you will appreciate this more and more when you are face to face with the real problems of life. I suppose that it often occurs to us older ones as we think back upon our school days—particularly if we happen to come across some old and faded examination paper carefully folded in some old memory book, to ask ourselves the question, “What good did I get out of all that, seeing that I cannot answer one of the questions now?” And there is always a sure answer, If I was able once to pass that examination, it has certainly fitted me for many a harder examination since, and trained me for my work in life. I frankly confess that I am old fashioned enough to have little use for the merely utilitarian theory of learning which would measure every study by its market value—what it can earn in the world’s mart only. If that theory ever becomes the prevailing one—then all I can say is—good-bye culture, and farewell to some of the keenest joys and happiest hours which life can bring. The trained ear can hear the echoes of sweetest harmonies long after skillful fingers have lost their cunning to produce them,—and so the trained mind can retain and continue to enjoy the pleasures which early reading and study have made possible,—even though these may never have added in the least to material wealth.

But discipline in its turn leads on to another good,—which is equally worth holding fast: Habit. The habit of right thinking, of careful, painstaking investigation, of adding little by little to the real equipment of mind and memory. For habit in its turn is the make-up of character, and this is the real and lasting test of true worth. If the time spent and the work done here in this school have not helped to mould and shape character in you, then it must be confessed that this school has been a failure so far as you are concerned. I am glad to believe, and to know, in fact, that it has been otherwise,—that it has been the means in more ways than one of giving you that which is beyond all else of lasting value. Slowly, quietly, imperceptibly many influences have combined to accomplish the result. Your books, this school room, your association with each other, and with your fellow-students, all and each have had their part. Part of it you have accomplished of yourselves. Climbing the hill of knowledge is not an inapt figure of school life. It is made up of duties rising ever

higher and higher, and each new height gained brings strength and courage to try the next,—exemplifying this school motto which has been held up constantly before you—‘from strength to strength.’

Nor must I overlook the influence which your teachers have had upon you. Some how I love that old prophecy of Isaiah, ‘Thine eyes shall see thy teachers.’ How constantly it is being fulfilled! I look back over my own school days and even in this far away distance I seem to see some of my teachers now better than I saw them then, as I realize how first this one and then that one changed the whole trend and purpose of my life. Some such pleasant experience, I doubt not, will yet be yours.

Another good, I am sure you will want to hold fast is the ‘good times’ and the pleasures you have had here. I needn’t take the time to recount them, for they are fresh in your memories. And then there are the friendships which you have formed, which, if your experience is at all like mine, I can tell you will continue to remain, for I am convinced that there are no friendships more enduring than some of those we form in school days. I am glad today that it has been part of your life here to establish the little Sorority, and that you can hand it on to those who come after you, I trust for many years. It’s one aim has been to bind you all to each other in a closer tie. Owing to the misfortune of birth which made me a *frater* instead of a *soror*, I was not eligible even to honorary membership, but you have been good enough to let me far enough into your secrets to know how well it has already fulfilled its purpose.

One more ‘good’ I want you to hold fast is this school itself,—your first Alma Mater, she will still continue to hold fast to you, and to follow you with loving interest. And you in your turn ought to hold her in loving remembrance, and return again and again to the old home roof—to keep fresh your youth as you catch again its spirit and its influence. But the good which you are to hold fast is not only that which comes by way of reminder,—but also that which shall act as an incentive to still further high thinking and high doing in the life which awaits you beyond these walls. And as I think of your class motto in this light, I must tell you first of all that this holding fast to which it bids you does not mean that you are to stop where you are, but rather in the truest sense of the words it is a call to action. I sincerely trust that this Seminary will never gain the reputa-

tion of being one of those I have sometimes heard called 'Finishing Schools,' because they are supposed to put a little veneer and a little polish, and so make ready for appearance in society.

I hope this school will always remain what it is now, a fitting or better still a training school where girls are trained to take a real part in the activities of life,—in advanced schools of learning, in the home, in society, in the church, in short in every place where their lot may be cast. Life is altogether too great a gift to be frittered away in aimless drifting with the crowd,—or in shallow dawdling with accepted conventionalities. The world's work is to be done, and every one has his and her part to do and the place to do it in. Every opportunity that comes to us, and every advantage we enjoy only adds so much to responsibility.

I love to recall that splendid saying of Phillips Brooks which contains so much of the true philosophy of life,—that 'The highest function of our humanity is to stand between the highest truth and the needs of our fellow-men and so to transmit the one as that it shall reach and help the other. After all it is only another way of stating the great law of influence to which we are all subject either for good or for ill. We cannot live our lives separate and apart from one another. Hold fast the good then in such way that your influence may be ever for the good,—and that when your work is done, you may leave the world a little better than you found it. It is not too high an ideal for any one of you to have, and it matters not where your place may be. If your class prophecy comes true, as I hope it may, even to the one who repented not at the eleventh hour, but at the twentieth year, you are all to be married and have happy homes filled with children. I could not wish you a greater joy, nor a better sphere of influence, for such homes, so blessed, are the strongest safeguards and the bravest bulwarks which this beloved land of ours has today.

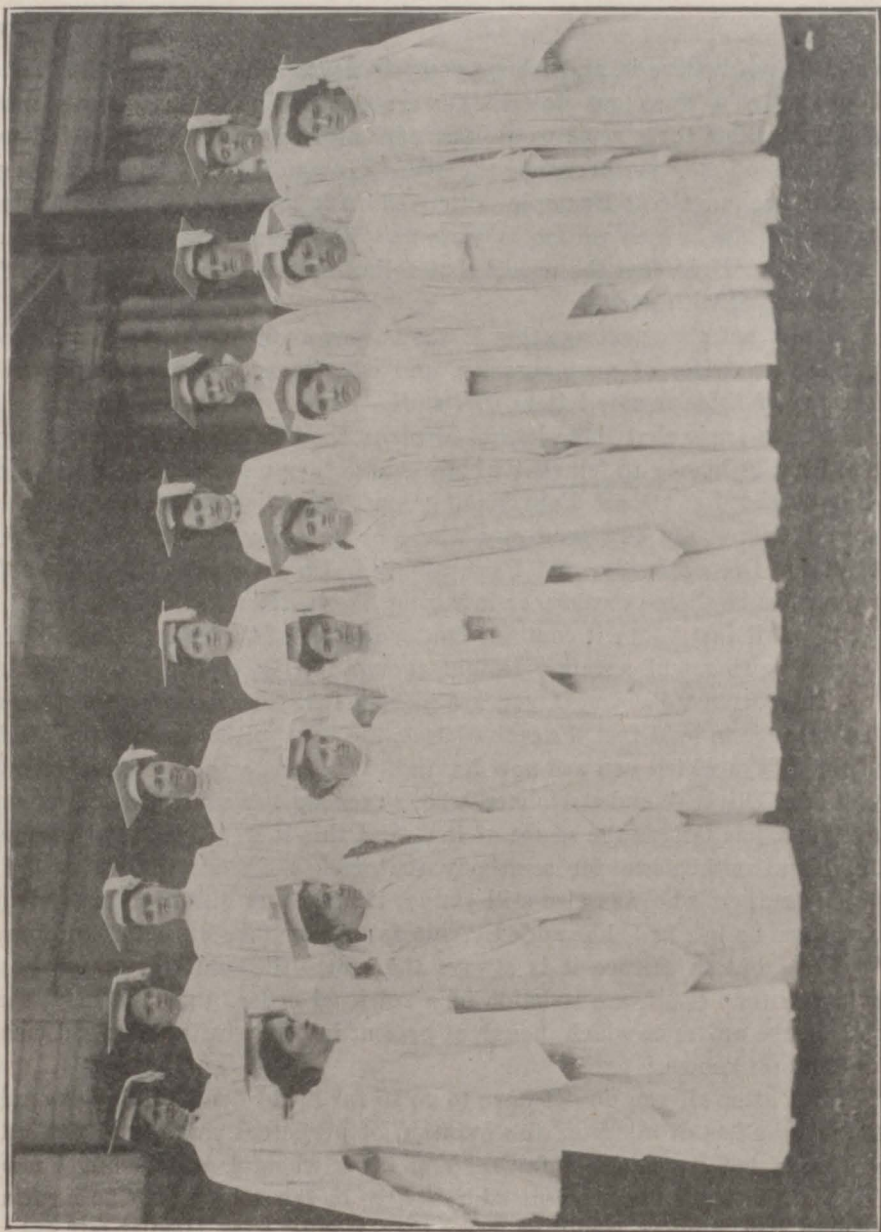
Yet another counsel I would give you, when I bid you as you take 'the paths of tomorrow' and follow them through life, keep both your eyes and your ears open to the good and shut to the evil which are both all about you. There will be many voices to tell you that the evil outnumbers the good,—for there are always pessimists in abundance, and the best definition of a pessimist I ever heard is 'one who of two evils always chooses both.' Perhaps that is why in their eyes they always seem to outnumber the good.

But I do not believe it, and I hope you will never come to believe it. Total depravity is a worn out doctrine,—wore out because it never was true. While life lasts there remains at least capacity for good and there is hope that the good may yet overcome the evil. Human life has taken on a new aspect since our Great Exemplar entered into it and lived it. Think often of His courage, which we too may share. 'Be of good cheer, I have overcome,' then 'Hold fast the good,' that following in His steps you too may overcome evil with good.

I said but a moment ago that it was not my good fortune to be initiated into the mysteries of your sorority, and consequently I cannot know the meaning of those mystic letters, Delta Pi,—but I remember enough Greek, at least, to know that these letters in plain English are D. P., and I suppose I am at liberty to tell that whatever else they may stand for they certainly stand for 'Don't Pout,' and 'Don't Pine,' 'Don't,' because they never did anybody any good any where or any how. Possibly also they stand for Do, Patiently, and Perserveringly. Do your part. And if this happens to be their meaning, or anything like it, then with all my heart, I say 'Hold it fast,'—for it contains the true secret of the real success of life,—for it is what will certainly remain, though all else be taken from you.

Then I must tell you if you are to hold fast this good you must somehow manage to hold fast the enthusiasms, the bouyant hopes, and the ideals of these days which you are now leaving. In short you must keep young. And dear Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, somebody has said, was still young at eighty, has left us the secret of it. And this is it, 'It is faith in something and enthusiasm for somebody that makes life worth living.' To which another, who was also still young, it makes no difference how many birthdays he has had, has added, 'This faith may take on manifold forms * * * but in essence it is always the same—the soul's grasp of what is higher than itself, a conviction of a spiritual order, pure and holy, regnant in the universe, which though at present invisible, will in the end make its triumph known.'

But after all you do not have to go so far afield for a shining example of one who has drunk from the fountain of perpetual youth, and not only professes, but lives such a faith. You know whom I mean,—but I must tell you that a Commencement address here in this school with no mention of dear Mrs. Raynor, would be worse than Hamlet with Hamlet left out.



CLASS PICTURE.

Will you bear with me for just one more counsel, and that is that to hold fast the good means finally to hold to fast to the Eternal Goodness who all your life through holds you in His love and keeping. He it is who gives you your life with all its opportunities and advantages. He it is who has marked out for each the path, and upon each has laid a claim for service. To accept gladly and willingly this service and to follow when He pointeth the way, is to hold fast the good here and always.

And now, my dear girls, my address is done. In the words of the story which I have told I am not going to detain you any longer for I know you are very anxious to receive these diplomas and crosses. But I will not say farewell. I will only make my own the Roadmender's parting cheer, 'I cry you Godspeed to the next milestone and beyond'."

CLASS DAY PROGRAM.

Speech of Welcome
Nellie Parker

Class Prophecy
.....

"THE REVENGE OF SHARI-HOT-SU"

A Japanese Comedy in two acts.

Cast of Characters

Shari-hot-su SamaMartha Chapin
Kioto, a young Japanese.....Edna Keylor
Harold Armstrong, a young American.....Winifred Higgins
Mrs. Beaconstreet, from Boston.....Alice Stoddard
Nina, her daughter.....Jeannette Thorne
Moig-ui-fa, called Cherry Blossom.....Sara Wheeler
Toy-ama, the mother of Moig-ui-fa.....Mary Atkinson
Planting of the Tree
Class SongAmelia White
Presentation of Spade
.....

Grace McDonald

Receiving of Spade
Frieda Foard

ADDRESS OF WELCOME..

Parents, friends, Alumnae, and fellow students, we welcome you to our Class Day. It has been for us a day long expected, long hoped for, the centre of many happy thoughts and joyous preparations. But now, as the day at last is here, a feeling of sadness comes over us, as we appear before you, for these exercises mark the end of our school year at the Seminary, which we have learned to love as our home. No class has ever had more cause to feel at home here than has the class of 1906. Out of the class of seventeen members but three have been here for only one year. Of the others, four have attended the Seminary for two years, four for three years, one for four years, one for six, two for seven and one for eight, and for one, classmates, this has been the only school which she has known. Is it strange, then, that we part with regret, especially after a Senior year rendered happy by many new privileges?

This year has been, too, a pleasant and prosperous one for the school as a whole. The general attendance has been larger than for many years, and our class is the largest which has ever been graduated, the nearest approach to it being the classes of 1893 and 1905, each of which contained eleven members.

You, returning Alumnae, have doubtless noticed the paved streets without the Seminary which have taken the place of the dusty roads, and with in the Study Hall, the fine, new schedule, which renders it impossible that any girl shall now be confused in regard to either her recitation or her practice periods. What seems to us the pleantest innovation is the society formed this winter under the auspices of our class, and the cozy room, which has been appropriated for the meetings of the Delta Pi's. But the most important change in the life of the school is the successful establishment, this year of self-government. We welcome you back then, Alumnae to a flourishing school:

We are glad to have you with us today, our parents and teachers. We thank you, one and all, for the hearty co-operation and encouragement that you have given us in our school work, which we hope has not fallen short of your expectations.

Schoolmates, we welcome you to your class day exercises, for soon we must part company to go divided and separate ways. To the Juniors,

especially, we give a most cordial welcome. This year, as every year, there has been a little feeling of rivalry between the Junior and Senior classes, but it has never interfered with our hearty friendship with each other as individuals. You, members of the class of 1907, will know soon both the pleasures and responsibilities of Seniorhood; and that your Senior year may be as happy as ours, you have our best wishes.

Our class motto, chosen by our Bishop "To Kalor Katexete"—"hold fast to that which is good"—has been the key note of our Senior year. So we have striven to "hold fast that which is good," in the advantages of learning and culture, which are offered to us so liberally here, to "hold fast to that which is good" in conduct and school discipline, and to the true friendship we have formed here, we mean to ever "hold fast."

Once more we bid you welcome all our friends, and hope to see you here on many another class day.

CLASS PROPHECY.

SCENE I.

Lucy Cook (seated by the table)—Enter, Mary Atkinson, Millicent Hanson, Grace McDonald and Goldie Elliot.

LUCY (rising and advancing toward the others) Good afternoon, Mary, I'm ever so glad to see you. (They shake hands and Lucy turns politely to the others, starts back a step and exclaims) Grace! This is good—

GOLDIE (coming forward) It's fine to see you again, Lucy, how are you?

LUCY (enthusiastically) and Goldie, too, and can this be Millie? Oh! this is too good to be true. When did you all come?

MILLIE—Last night; we've been staying with Mary.

GOLDIE—Weren't you surprised? (Laughs.)

MARY—Didn't I tell you I'd bring some guests you'd like to meet?

LUCY—Well, now come and sit down and tell me all about everything. (All sit.) We can talk better with a cup of tea, can't we girls? (Serves them.)

GRACE (taking cup)—This is lovely, Lucy, so refreshing, and so appropriate, too, for an ———.

GOLDIE (Hastily.)—For an afternoon call, just the thing. (All look relieved and Lucy smiles wisely to herself.)

MILLIE—Do you live here all alone, Lucy?

LUCY—Yes, all alone.

GOLDIE (horrificed)—Just think of it!

GRACE—Don't you get *terribly* lonely?

LUCY—Why, no, it's lots of fun living alone—maybe you don't believe it, but it is!

MILLIE (sighing)—Yes, I should think you would be very happy.

GOLDIE—Why that sigh, Millie?

MILLIE (leaning back)—Oh, nothing!

GRACE (to nobody in particular)—If anybody should want a divorce—Patfield and Patfield are the lawyers to obtain it. Why, girls, (dropping to conversational tone), Archie and I have had twenty-four divorce cases in the last two weeks.

(Goldie and Mary make signs of uneasiness and try to stop Grace.)

MILLIE (arising angrily)—What do you mean by talking that way, Grace?

GRACE—Oh, nothing personal. Nothing personal at all, really Millie, I—I was just wondering how the business is getting along. (Turning to the others for justification.) I'm sure that's very natural—Archie says he couldn't get along alone at all. I'm the life of the partnership, according to him. But I just told him I wouldn't stay away from class reunion for anything—not even the business.

LUCY—That's just right!

GOLDIE—Good for you, Grace. That's just what I told Frank. He wanted me to ride over with him to the San Antonia ranch. He says it always pleases the boys so much to have me come.

LUCY—The old class spirit's as good as ever, I see.

MARY—And just think. I gave up a trip to Yellowstone Park to be here! Robert's been promising to take me for ever so long.

LUCY—Now girls, do tell me about yourselves, I'm just dying to know!

MARY—You begin, Millie. You know you wouldn't sit up with us last night, and I haven't even heard your husband's first name.

MILLIE—Well, his name is Gustave—Gustave von Schwielerlind (All look horrified) and he's a musician.

LUCY (laughingly)—Oh, Mill!

- GOLDIE—Go on. What does he look like?
- MILLIE—He's light, blue eyes and a blond mustache.
- GRACE—Tall or short?
- LUCY—A six-footer, I'll wager!
- MILLIE (reluctantly)—Well, rather *below* the average, perhaps.
- LUCY—Oh, I detest short men, oh, ah, I mean, oh,—
- MARY (thoughtfully)—Oh—h Yes! That was the name, I do believe—
- Gustave von—von—
- LUCY—Von Schrwie, Schrwie!
- GOLDIE (triumphantly)—Von Schwielerlind!
- MARY—Yes, we heard one of his compositions, when we were in Boston.
- Robert said it—(Stops confused.)
- MILLIE—Said what?
- MARY—Why, er,—he said it,—it showed marked talent.
- MILLIE (bitterly)—Yes, he's a genius all right.
- LUCY—You don't seem to be as proud of him as you ought to be.
- GRACE (tentatively)—Are you sure you are quite happy with him, Millie?
- MILLIE—Why, of course, only, only—
- GRACE—Only what?
- MILLIE—Well, you see the artistic temperament is just a little hard to get along with—at times. In moments of inspiration he is occasionally very trying. Of course, you can't understand anything about that though (looks superior.)
- GRACE—No. I *don't* know much about *musicians*, but everybody says Archie is a perfect genius at unravelling the intricacies of a divorce case. And *he* never gets cross over it. He generally needs my help.
- LUCY (aside)—He *must* be brilliant!
- MARY—And Rob's a genius, too, even his enemies admit that!
- GOLDIE—Yes, I heard the boys talking about it the other day. Frank said President Howard had the greatest talent of any man he ever knew, for graft—(Stops horrified, and a dead silence ensues.)
- MARY (sweetly sarcastic)—For gratitude were you going to say? I must tell Robert. He will be *so* pleased.
- LUCY (aside)—Now that's what I call easily satisfied.

GRACE—Is your husband a railroad president, Mary?

MARY—Yes.

GRACE—I didn't know that. Tell me about him, and about your children. By the way, where are they? We didn't see them last night.

MILLIE—You surely have some, haven't you?

MARY (looking at Lucy and laughing)—Well, rather!

LUCY—Only eleven.

GRACE—Eleven!

GOLDIE—My dear!

MARY—Yes, eight girls and three boys. They're with my mother now. I sent them there because the children next door have Scarlet fever.

MILLIE—That is too bad. I wish I could see them.

MARY (proudly)—I wish you could, too.

LUCY—Little Mary Lisbeth Junior is *just* exactly like her mother. It's too cute for anything to see them together.

GOLDIE—My little Victor's, the *image* of his father. I love to see family likenesses, don't you?

MILLIE (doubtfully)—Ye—es,, but I'm glad I haven't any children. They might take after Gustave, and then—but do tell us about Victor, Goldie, and Frank, I heard he was as handsome as a picture, but that's rather indefinite.

GOLDIE—Well, *I* think he's fine looking.

LUCY—Oh, everybody's John is the handsomest; the best in the world!

MARY—Of course.

GOLDIE—You know he is a cow boy, I suppose. Lucy says he looks exactly like the Virginian.

LUCY—Yes, girls! he looks just like the pictures you see of the Virginian. Black moustache, felt hat, crimson neckerchief, spirited horse and all, you know.

GRACE—And you live in Texas?

GOLDIE—Yes.

MARY—Oh, *I've* been there, it's a nasty, flat place and—

GOLDIE—*What!* How dare you, Mary Beth Atkinson Howard? Texas is the finest state in the Union.

GRACE—Next to Montana.

MILLIE (laughing)—Same old Grace!

MARY—Oh! I've been there, too! It's nothing but a pile of rocks.

GRACE (excitedly)—Why it's not—

MILLIE—Hurry up and go on, Goldie, or we'll have a pitch battle here.

LUCY (solomnly)—Let us have peace. (All laugh.)

GOLDIE—Where was I? Oh! Victor! He looks just like his father, and he's the dearest little thing you ever saw! And ride! The boys all take turns giving him lessons, and he does as well as most of them already.

LUCY—Let's see, how old is he now?

GOLDIE—Just seven. Going on eight, as he says. We are a long ways from any school, so I teach him myself, and really you'd be surprised, girls, to hear him read; and he's perfectly fine at mathematics. Arithmetic's his favorite study—But I musn't take up all the afternoon with my family. It's your turn, Grace.

LUCY—Yes,, Grace, go on and tell us about Archie.

GRACE—Well, Archie's the best man in the world.

MARY—Naturally.

GOLDIE—He isn't either.

GRACE—He is too, Goldie Elliot—I mean Goldie Graham, and his oldest son's the next best. Archibald Algernon Patfield Junior's, *his* name.

GOLDIE (aside)—Whew!

GRACE—And then there's Jenny and the baby—The dearest baby! And Jenny's a sweet, little girl, though she's not a bit like me.

MILLIE—What does Archie look like?

GRACE—Oh, he's tall, with gray eyes, and a dark, brown moustache. Haven't you ever seen his picture? (Opens locket.)

MILLIE—No, we hardly ever get the American papers over on our side.

LUCY—You poor exile.

MARY—Don't you get terribly homesick over there?

MILLIE—Yes,, sometimes. This trip home is a great treat. Gustave had to come to Florida for his health, you know.

GOLDIE—Is he delicate?

MILLIE—Oh, no, not especially, but a genius has to get run down now and then, you know. It's a part of the profession.

LUCY (aside)—Paying profession, I should think.

MARY—Florida is a good place for whooping cough. I was going to take little Pierre there, two years ago, but he got well before we got ready to start, so Rob and I went alone.

LUCY—Oh, girls! Speaking of Florida, my uncle down there sent me the most beautiful palm! I planted it out in the garden; do you think it will live? z

MILLIE—Oh, I should think so, if you cover it every winter. Is it in a sunny place?

LUCY (putting her arm through Millie's)—Come out and I'll show it to you. (Turns to others) Don't you want to come, too, girls, and see an old maid's garden?

GOLDIE (in a low voice)—Poor thing! (Bell rings.) Exit all.

LUCY (turning and reentering)—Oh, there goes that bell again! Please excuse me a minute, girls. I'll be out in a second.

SCENE II.

—(A din of tin pans followed by a scream, and the door opens. Enter Nellie Parker, Erma David, Alice Stoddard, Edna Keylor and Jeannette Thorne.)

LUCY—Oh! I'm so glad to see you all! Don't be alarmed at the noise. I'm a lone woman, you know, and that is my burglar alarm. Isn't it successful?

NELLIE—Well rather. (Supporting Erma, who is almost fainting, to a seat.) It frightened Erma nearly to death. Her poor nerves have received such a shock.

ERMA (in a weak voice)—Yes, John is a nerve specialist. (Brightens and looks around.) Perhaps you have heard of Dr. Eldrige's nerve specific, warranted to kill all nerves, whether in the limbs or in the teeth. He has tried so many experiments on me that I am a nervous wreck, but as John says, its all for the benefit of humanity.

LUCY—I certainly am glad to see you all again. You must be tired after your ride. Do let me give you some tea. (Serves them.) Where do you live now, Alice?

ALICE—At Akron, Ohio, my dear, a most progressive town. We have five clubs there. The mothers' club, of which I am president. The Woman's Rights Club, of which I also have the honor of being president. The

Greek Architectural Club, for the purpose of introducing Greek Architecture and literature among the small villages of the middle west, and then the Darwinian Club—

LUCY—What *can* that be?

ALICE—Its aim is to civilize and save the monkeys, from which we are all descended you know.

LUCY—How many children have you, Alice?

ALICE—Alas! none.

LUCY—A fit president for a mother's club.

ALICE (continuing)—I am, nevertheless, deeply interested in the new scientific methods of bringing up children.

JEANNETTE—Yes, she taught me how to play creep mousy scientifically with my baby, Hiram Jeremiah Junior, so as to develop both his muscles and his intellect.

EDNA—Please give me some ideas, for I have six children. Their father, you know, is a deepwater captain, and I have to train them alone.

LUCY—Is he then so seldom home?

EDNA—Yes, almost never, but I have been very successful so far by myself. You couldn't find nicer boys anywhere than Stephen Abbott Junior and Charles Henry. He was named for his paternal grandmother—grandfather, I mean!

ALICE—Have you heard about my new antiseptic willow switches? I brought some to Jeannette, and she likes them very much.

JEANNETTE—Yes, I haven't had occasion to use them much. But even the best of children are naughty at times.

ERMA—That's just what John says.

NELLIE—It must be hard, Edna, to have your husband so far away all the time.

EDNA—Oh, yes, when one has six children, and has to be father and mother *both* to them. As a mother, I dose them and caress them, and as a father, I whip them. Every morning and evening I show them a good photograph of their father. So they won't forget him, you know.

ERMA—Lucy, you must be lonely without a husband. They are such a comfort. You always were so interested in men, too.

LUCY (severely)—You shouldn't judge others by yourself.

ERMA—That's just what John says. Let me see, you were seventeen when we were at school together, and nineteen years have passed since then. You must be —.

LUCY (hastily)—Don't try your nerves by arithmetic, Erma; arithmetic is very hard on the nerves.

ERMA—That's just what John says.

JEANNETTE (opening basket and producing a bunch of turnips)—Oh, Lucy, I nearly forgot. These turnips were raised on very scientific principles. They grew in a mixture of coarsely ground clam shells and clay. I was sure you would like them, for old maids always like turnips.

LUCY (sarcastically)—Thank you, *very much*, my dear Jeannette.

NELLIE—My husband, you know, is a physician. He says turnips are so good for the system, especially when eaten raw.

ERMA—That's just what John says.

NELLIE—We have uncooked turnips and bran mash every morning for breakfast. Uncooked foods, my husband believes, are the best, so for luncheon we have raw potatoes and flax seed tea, and for dinner, bran mash again, and live fish. Really, a very enjoyable fare.

LUCY—I don't wonder you are healthy-looking.

NELLIE—The children think it is the greatest fun catching the fish when they wiggle.

LUCY—Oh, it must save you a great deal of cooking.

JEANNETTE—Yes, I do not have to cook anything at all for Nell. I just take a little of the bran mash that is fixed for the horses every night and morning.

LUCY (aside)—Oh gracious! Horse feed! Edna, why are you gazing so intently out of the window?

EDNA—I was just looking to see how the weather is. I am always so anxious about my husband's ship.

LUCY—What is the name of it?

EDNA—The "Fair Edna," named after me, you know.

LUCY—How lovely!

JEANNETTE—We *are* so dusty, you know the farm wagon has no top. Hiram is going to make a canvass one for it when he gets time.

LUCY—Wouldn't you like to go upstairs?

JEANNETTE—Oh, if we may! Come on girls. (Exeunt Jeannette and Edna.)

LUCY—You know the way, I guess.

ERMA (rises and falters)—Why, Lucy! I have not yet recovered from the fright of those deadful dishpans.

NELLIE—She's *so* nervous, poor dear.

LUCY—I don't wonder it frightened her, for they often fall in the night, when a sudden windstrom arises, and I don't sleep another wink after hearing them. But it's a *splendid* burglar alarm.

(Jeanette calls from upstairs.) Exeunt Erma, Alice and Nellie.

SCENE III.

Enter SARA alone (excitedly)—Oh Lucy, whom do you wish to see *most* in the world?

LUCY—I guess *any* member of the class of naughty six would be welcome, judging by—

SARA—Girls! Girls!

Enter Amelia White, Adelia Schoder and Edna Williams.

SARA—Oh my dear! I am so delighted to see you! You haven't any of you changed a bit! Here's Sara, married to a rich Esquimau, and just the same old Sara! Girls, hasn't Sara the loveliest home? and (winking) the loveliest husband?

AMELIA (aside)—Yes, perfectly lovely. Has every window and door in the house open all the time, till we are most frozen to death.

EDNA—Yes, almost frozen, even if it is June. Deliver me from the Alaska lover, S'il vous plait.

ADELIA—Oh Edna! Do speak English! Even if you husband *is* a French poet, you need not always add your little French words. Of course, not that I cannot understand you. Didn't I take French of Madame Bonne Sykes? Of course I know what you mean, perfectly, but for the sake of the others, forbear.

AMELIA—Oh, Lucy! Did you know that while Edna was travelling in France, she met the dearest little French poet?

SARA—It was a case of love at first sight, and in less than three months they were married. Just imagine always having someone to quote French poetry to you!

LUCY—Why, how lovely that must be! But I believe I would rather have Polly recite poems to me, than a *man*.

SARA—Oh, Lucy, it's a shame that you are the only old maid in the class, and we all had such hopes for you!

LUCY—I'm not sure its such a misfortune!

LARA—Why, you used to be surrounded by the despised sex at all our parties. All our parties girls! We used to give so many!

ADELIA—Yes, didn't we? Two a year! if I remember rightly. But say, do you know the Delta Pi's give a dance every Saturday night, now, and they have boys, too!

EDNA—Oh, 'Twas not like that in the olden days, in the days of long ago.

SARA—Speaking of the Delta Pi's, I guess you're the only one, Lucy, who still has her Delta Pi pin. Why, my Pete asked me for mine, the night we were engaged.

EDNA—Of course, you gave it to him.

SARA—I had told him some time before that no one could wear my Sorority pin unless we were engaged, and about a week from that night, he asked me if he might wear it. Wasn't that the dearest way of proposing?

LUCY—So you got your Pete that way. Well you got a lovely home into the bargain, too.

SARA—Yes, I *do* think our little—

AMELIA—Little! It only has about thirteen dozen rooms!

SARA—Our little home is very cozy, and then you know what a collection of paintings we have. They are simply splendid. I often thought of you, Lucy, while we were choosing them, because you always were fond of art. What a pity that you never have had the opportunity of going abroad on a honeymoon.

ADELIA—Yes, Lucy, dear, it is a perfect shame. I just would not be an old maid. To be sure, didn't I propose to John, myself? But what are the odds, so long as you get a man in the end.

EDNA—Trust Dill to get there some way.

LUCY—Why, how did you manage it?

ADELIA—Well, you see it was just this way—

LUCY—This promises to be interesting!

ADELIA—I was out in the country one summer for my health.

EDNA—Adelia's health! What seemed to be the matter?

ADELIA (irritated)—Nervous prostration! Perhaps you don't believe it, but it was brought on by over-study during my four years at the Seminary! Well, a young man came along selling patent medicine, and he made my boarding house his headquarters, while he was canvassing the country.

AMELIA—How romantic!

ADELIA—I thought he looked familiar, and come to find out, he was a chap I met going over to Tacoma on the Interurban one Sunday, when I was coming back to the Seminary, and I thought then, that he was pretty nice.

LUCY (laughing)—I guess we all remember that.

ADELIA—So when he came out there, I said to myself, "Now Dill, if you're bright, you won't let him escape, and I didn't.

LUCY—But how did you manage?

ADELIA—Well, one night we were sitting out on the front porch, and we got to talking, and pretty soon I didn't say anything for a long time, and he thought I was ill, and was going after some of his patent medicine, but I told him that all the patent medicine in the world could not cure my sickness. Then I told him all about it, and asked him if he could cure it (my heart) and he said "yes."

EDNA—And the end was—a wedding.

AMELIA—Now, if that isn't an original way to get a better-half! Delia always did like original things, even those in Geometry.

SARA—Yes, the way she got him *was* original, but I don't think I should like the sort of life she leads; I like the comforts of a home and the attention of a host of servants.

LUCY (aside to Adelia)—Sara *does* revel in her newly-found wealth.

SARA—I should not like such an unsettled life. Always on the go.

LUCY—Ha! Ha! And do you really make up part of his traveling outfit?

AMELIA—Yes, and the better part of it, too, I imagine.

ADELIA—Well, I must confess that I *was* a paying investment. But men are *so* stupid.

LUCY—That's *Just* what I think.

ADELIA—Now, when we would go to a house to sell our medicine, John would try to sell the mother some hair dye, or something of that sort, while the poor baby was almost dying with the whooping cough or croup, and then I would bring on Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and it stands to reason that she would take a bottle. So you see I wasn't a bad bargain after all.

LUCY—So you are all happy; Sara with her Pete, Edna with her poet, and Adelia with her patent medicine man, but you have not told me who is the lucky man that got Amelia?

SARA—Why, didn't you read it in the papers? She married that great actor, Gerald Russell, who was leading man in a comic opera.

LUCY—How exciting! An actor! And Amelia is married to him! Tell us about him, Amelia?

AMELIA—Well, you see, after I left the Sem., after I graduated, I went on the stage. It was my voice that got me the position.

LUCY—I remember that Miss Fitch always wanted Amelia in Chapel.

AMELIA—I was in church one Sunday and the manager of the Tacoma Theatre was sitting behind me and heard me sing and wished me to join the company. So I did, and it was there I met Gerald.

LUCY—How interesting!

AMELIA—He always said that it was my beautiful voice, that first attracted him, and now we are married.

SARA—And you are the only one who cannot tell of such experiences. Poor Lucy, you do not realize what you have missed.

EDNA—Oh! I don't know whether you have missed so awfully much.

ADELIA—Why Edna! such a remark from you, and you the possessor of such a husband as a French poet.

EDNA—Well, you know, poets are such queer people. Not like other men.

AMELIA—No, I suppose not.

EDNA—They are *so* queer. It is their poetical temperament, don't you know? Everything has to be just right. Sometimes his breakfast is served too cold, and sometimes too hot, just as he feels, but it is the poetical temperament.

LUCY—Don't you get *very* weary?

EDNA—Sometimes; but he is such a great man;; so bright and so witty, and he has written some of the most beautiful sonnets about me. You should read them.

ADELIA—Say, Edna, have you ever tested his true poetical nature by making him read Lycidas? You know that is the one sure test.

EDNA—Why, my dear, he knows the whole thing by heart, and thinks it is the grandest thing ever written, almost.

LUCY—Well, perhaps he says that because Lycidas is the sure test for a poetical temperament, and he would have to say it, if he were a true poet. I *have* heard of such things.

SARA—But to change the subject, Lucy, won't you show us your beautiful garden? And if you have any flowers, I have not, you won't mind giving me slips, will you? You should see *my* garden. It is simply magnificent. Such a delightful place for evening strolls. Oh, Lucy, you should be married in order to enjoy your garden.

LUCY (aside)—Perhaps I *do* enjoy it, without an Esquimau as a blot on the landscape.

SARA—If you could only have met a man like my Pete, who would have loved you as my Pete does me,—but then, there isn't another man in the whole world like my Pete.

EDNA—Nor like my poet.

AMELIA—Nor like my Gerald.

ADELIA—Nor like my patent medicine man.

LUCY—Nor like my cat and parrot and tea, but come, and I will show you the garden.

Exeunt Edna, Amelia, Sara, Adelia and Lucy.

SCENE IV.

LUCY (from outside)—I'll be back in a minute, girls.

Enter, Lucy, and from opposite door, enter Martha Chapin, Winifred Higgins and Alma Stoddard.

LUCY (embracing)—My dear, Martha! and Win.! I could tell you if I hadn't seen you for a hundred years! (Looks sidewise at Alma with puzzled air, and turns back to Martha.)

MARTHA (laughing)—Why, Lucy! Don't you know Alma?

LUCY—Alma! Why, how you have changed! I never in the world would have known you. Dear me! How you *have* changed! But (rallying) I see you are as fond of horses as ever!

MARTHA—Fond! Well I should smile! Where have you been all these years that you didn't know she was a bare-back rider in Ringling Circus?

LUCY (much astonished)—Bare back rider! Ringling Circus!

ALMA (calmly smiling)—Yes, and I'm married, too. Want me to tell you about it?

LUCY (smiling rather weakly)—Yes, indeed, but first sit down and have some old maid's tea. (Serves them.)

MARTHA—Well, go on Alma (Alma sits down, leans back, and balances her cup on her five fingers.) I once did this stunt on Skylark, while he was at a gallop. My! but that audience did applaud! That was where I made my first hit.

WINNIE—But Alma (small voice) where did you learn how?

ALMA—Oh, easy enough. The summer after I graduated, I went home and learned on the horse Dad gave for Christmas.

LUCY—I suppose you had everything you wanted, when Alice wasn't there to claim her rights.

ALMA—Yes, you know Alice went to Wellesley and I was so homesick for her, and father wouldn't let me go to her, so when Ringling came through, one of the ticket-peddlers happened to see me practicing and offered me a place.

WINNIE—Why, Alma!

ALMA—He said they were on their way east; so I up and went. Thought I could see Alice that way, but I didn't look her up, for I was too interested in the circus and knew she would make me go home.

LUCY—Well, rather!

ALMA—I'll look her up after awhile though! I shall go home and see the family before I go back, too.

MARTHA—But, Alma, how did it happen that you came to the class reunion?

ALMA—Well, you see I still hang on to my class pin, and so when the time came round I just made a bee-line for Tacoma.

LUCY—Where is your husband?

ALMA—With the circus; very likely at the present time making love to the fat lady. One of his old crushes. But I cut her out though (proudly). Bill has a great job now; he's a jobber.

CHORUS—A jobber!

ALMA (pityingly)—Don't you know what that is? Why, it's one who works all the country jakes that hang around the circus. Gold bricks, you know, and such. (Winks, and all look horrified).

LUCY (turning to Winnie)—What makes you so solemncholy, Win? Tell us about it. I heard you'd married a minister. Is it really so?

WINNIE—Yes, of course, and we are doing great work, spreading the gospel among the heathen. Abraham and I always work together. Sometimes it gets rather tiresome, but we manage to cheer one another. Anyway Abraham says we should not get much pleasure out of this transitory life; I don't think so either.

MARTHA—Well, I never thought that of you, Win. After the gay times we used to have at the Sem.; why, you were the biggest flirt in the class. Where did you meet your Abraham?

WINNIE—At Stanford. He used to be one of the professors there, and I did the most sentimental thing, too. I eloped. That was before I knew he was going to be a missionary though.

MARTHA—That's not so worse. I married my Benjamin because he said he was going to be a senator. He isn't one yet, and we have been married eight years, but he'll get there yet! He's been buying up all the votes around the country for this next election.

WINNIE (shocked)—Abraham says that it is not right to get things in an underhand way. He says that what it is best for us to have will come to us openly.

ALMA—Well, I'll bet Abraham never gets much out of *this* old world.

WINNIE—Yes, he has a great deal. He has happiness, and *me*. Anyway, that is the plan on which we are going to bring up Isaac and Jacob and little Rebecca.

MARTHA—Isaac and Jacob!

LUCY—And little Rebecca!

WINNIE—Yes, they are the three children; Rebecca is the baby, and so sweet! The boys are to be educated at Stanford.

ALMA (aside)—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. And to think Win has all three. Oh, my! I'd as soon have the elephant and a whole box of monkeys on my hands!

MARTHA—But Win, dear, why not send them east and when I go to Washington I can keep an eye on them.

WINNIE—No, I could not think of such a thing. You see Abraham and I are so fond of Stanford. We decided to have the boys educated there.

LUCY (to Alma, who has been wiggling her foot) What is the matter, Alma? Won't you have another cup of tea?

ALMA—No. But I never *could* get that ankle twist. Say girls, want me to do you a stunt?

LUCY (looking at horrified girls)—I think not, right now, for I have a surprise for you people. Excuse me; I'll be back in just a second.

ALMA—Seems to me some people grow high and mighty in their old age.

WINNIE—But really, Alma, how *could* you be interested in such worldly things?

(Lucy brings back girls, and a general kissing and hugging ensues.)

LUCY (trying to make herself heard)—Listen! I say listen, girls! I have something exciting to tell you. Listen I say! (Gradually obtains silence). Why,—er, ah, do you girls remember who was president the year we graduated?

CHORUS—What a question!

MARTHA—McKinley, of course.

MILLIE—"Twas not! It was Cleveland.

LUCY—No, guess again.

WINNIE—Could it have been Lincoln? (All laugh.)

LUCY—No, no, but I'll ask you an easier one now. Don't you remember the grand wedding that happened about that time? Surely you know!

GRACE—Of course! I know. The Alice Roosevelt Longworth wedding!

CHORUS—Roosevelt, of course!

GRACE—Alice applied to me for a divorce. She said he was the per-

fect old Nick himself. But I thought it would be too bad for a pair like that to break off, so I made them patch it up.

LUCY—Yes, Roosevelt, and you know Teddy Junior, is in town now, and—what do you suppose I have to tell?

MARTHA—This suspense! Do tell us!

LUCY (looking embarrassed)—I thought you girls would like to know it first—My engagement to Theodore Roosevelt Junior, is to be announced tonight.

CURTAIN.

THE PLANTING OF THE TREE.

To-day the Annie Wright Seminary celebrates her twenty-first class day and welcomes on her lawn a new class tree, to give it added beauty and to be a memorial of our class of 1906.

Our class tree is the Japanese Magnolia known in its native lands as the Yulu. It has been presented to us by our dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Nevius, in honor of his friend and our classmate, Erma David. It is the only one of its kind in Tacoma, so that we are doubly proud of it. Dr. Nevius chose this Magnolia because its pure white blossoms appear just at Commencement time. Before the leaves unfold, the little tree is graced by the flowers which almost cover the branches and give it a look of snowy purity.

Let us, classmates, profit by this fair example. Let our kind deeds be as many and all our thoughts as pure as the blooms of our class-tree. As it thrives in this, which is to it a foreign soil and bears more blooms yearly, so may we take root and grow strong in the new life that awaits us. And as our tree treasures at its roots the little bottle containing the names of the members of the class Nineteen hundred and six, so may we, deep in our hearts treasure the memory of each other, dear classmates.

Little tree we hope the wind and the climate of this strange land will be kind to you and that when we return in Nineteen hundred and twelve, we will find you a strong, sturdy tree. Do not feel lonely when we are gone, as we leave you in company with many other class trees and under the protecting eye of our dear Seminary.

CLASS SONG.

We are the gay Seniors,
And this is our day, you know,
And now that our work is done,
We're about to graduate.
We we also would have you know,
That about us there's nothing slow,
So upon these, our horns we blow
This song of farewell!
Twinkie doodle ding, Twinkie doodle ding,
Is the highly interesting song we sing;
Twinkie doodle ding, Twinkie doodle ding,
Sing the glad Senior class.

Through our time at the Annie Wright,
We've had lots of jolly fun;
Of course, we have studied some,
But now let that pass,
For with Alegbra and Geometry,
English, French and Latnity,
And every other old studee,
We're done with at last.
Twinkie doodle dum, Twinkie doodle dum,
Is the sold inspiring song we've sung,
Twinkie doodle dum, Twinkie doodle dum,
Sing the glad Senior class.

For those who come after us,
We wish now all kinds of luck;
The Seminary without us
Will hardly seem the same;
But if when you're up to tricks,
A little sense you'll try to mix,
And follow the class of Naughty Six,
You'll arrive here some day!

Twinkie doodle dee, Twinkie doodle dee,
Is a very gladsome song you see,
Twinkie doodle dee, Twinkie doodle dee,
Sing the glad Senior class.

PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

The man with the hoe
Has a very poor show
'Longside the maid
With the beautiful spade.

The reason, of course, is plain. The first is the symbol of toil, hard, joyless toil, while the second is the symbol of Seniorhood, the happiest year in each school girl's life. But here today, when in keeping with the time-honored custom, we who are about to graduate hand over to those who come after us, this spade trimmed, round with ribbons of various hues, here today, I would have you see in it something more. This spade, now become historic, is symbolic of the whole life of the Seminary girl. It, no less than the hoe, is the symbol of work, but these colors bright and gay tell of the joy and happiness amid which the work is done. Here, indeed, there is work to do. Each day has its task and every term its toil. The pathway of learning, as we have found, is not always an easy one. There are many rough places to be crossed and for the most part the road is up hill. But, my dear class-mates, as we look back today over the way we have come, must we not say that after all it has been a pleasant way? Certainly we shall remember with pleasure the guides whom we have had to help us, our teachers who have been always so ready to inspire and encourage us, so quick to help us over the hard places. It has not been "all work and no play." The routine of study and the recitation room has been broken by many a light hour and many a happy experience. The kind interest and sweet sympathy of dear Miss Fitch have at all times been ours. And who could have shown more interest in us than our kind Bishop Keator? And then among ourselves, think of all the good times we have had and the joyous companionship we have known! And so it is that our spade has

been adorned with ribbons bright and gay. But now our day is done, and we must give our place here to others.

Members of the Junior class, I am about to give into your keeping this spade with all its associations, with all its symbolic meaning. As we received from those who went before us, so now we hand it on to you, but with this difference, we have added to it our class colors which tell of another year of work done amid joy and happiness. We resign this spade to you with the hope that as you cannot escape the work, you may not fail to know its joy.

We give it now to you, as the custom is, but as the same custom teaches, it is not yet yours, for

The maid's is the spade
With the ribbons that bind it,
When the spade-seeking maid,
Shall dig hard and find it.

RECEIVING THE SPADE.

Class Day has come again and we once more witness the presentation of the spade by a Senior class. But this time we stand by, not as Freshmen, nor yet as Sophomores, to see the illustrious spade change owners. We are present as Juniors, greatly interested, for it is into our hands that the spade is given. Moreover as we receive it, we are no longer Juniors, but we are Seniors, those who are entering on their last and most important year of school life.

Thus the spade is of far more interest to us today than it has ever been before; more even than at the memorable moment last autumn when we chanced upon it, in its hiding place, several months before the class of 1906 discovered the longed-for trophy in the potato cellar.

Since that day new colors have been added to those that then adorned it, the crimson and white of this year's Seniors. No class so large has ever before tied its ribbons on the spade, and no class has ever resigned to the class succeeding, leaving a fairer record than you do, members of the class of 1906.

We have no fear, when presently you will reclaim the spade for the purpose of hiding it, that you will find a spot where we can not spy it out. Rather, our anxiety and our toil of next year shall be to make the class of 1907 as great an honor to the Annie Wright Seminary, as is the class of 1906.



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EDITORIALS.

The Hyak has this month attained the antiquity of four and a half years. During the past twelve months we have done our best to make it what it should be—the best school paper in the Northwest. This ideal, to be sure, as is the nature of ideals, is still above us, but some day it will not be, if the spirit of "Progress" is kept alive in its nature as well as in its name. Do not be afraid, you who come after us, to "hitch your wagon to a star," and select a good, bright star, too, while you are about it, for you will need its light to cheer you as you toil toward it, up the steep hill that lies between.

It is a steep hill; no one realizes that better than we do, but that is no reason why we should not plant our colors at the top some day. And remember, concerted action is the best way to climb a mountain. Bind yourselves together with the life-rope of "esprit de corps," and do not mind the croakings of the few discouragers without pride or enthusiasm who try to drag you back by their dead weight. There will always be some such in a large institution. Cut them loose and let them go. The heights of victory are not for those who will not climb.

And now we wish to sincerely and heartily thank all those who have helped us and co-operated with us during the past year, and to Miss Golay in particular, we are most grateful for her kind aid and interest.

Commencement has come again—and gone. In the first part of the sentence rings the triumphant finale of the long symphony of work and play which has advanced toward this successful culmination through four busy, happy, checkered years—and in the last part echoes the minor cadence which answers the last lingering touch of our fingers on the harmony which we so long have been striving to make perfect. It could scarcely make itself heard amid the bustling preparations for Class Day and Graduation, nor could it find a voice in the happy excitement of their fruition, but now, —now as our reluctant feet fall at last into step with the Alumnae, how startlingly it echoes through the quiet halls and in the deserted schoolroom! We knew that it would be hard to go—knew it in our inmost hearts, even while we looked forward to being the proud possessors of diplomas, and leaving behind us Vergil, Euclid, and all the rest of our tormentors. But now, through the kindly haze of distance, even the distance of a day, since it is the day of graduation, even they are viewed with less hostility. So shall all which has been disheartening and wearisome fade from our memories. Our many good times, good fellowship and victories over difficulty shall crowd them out of our hearts. And now, good-bye,—but no, not good-bye—You shall join us some day as fellow Alumnae—"The chain may lengthen, but it never parts," which binds us to you, dear Seminary.



MRS. A. H. W. RAYNOR.

LOCALS.

The regular meeting of the Delta Pi Sorority was held after the Studio Tea Saturday evening, June second. This was the last meeting this year of the Sorority and the old members. The progenitors of the tribe, as Vergil would say, left with regret but bound, we all hope, more firmly by the ties of sisterhood than before and with hopes of seeing each other each year, and wishing the Sorority, Gluck Auf dund Aufuredusehen. After a short business meeting a very enjoyable social meeting was held.

The Studio Tea given by Miss Wuest and the private art pupils on Saturday afternoon and evening, June second, was a very pretty and enjoyable affair, the decorations being most artistic, and the pictures on exhibition exceptional, even for Miss Wuest's pupils. The following is the program:

DIVISION I.

OILS.

Group A, Flowers and Still Life.....	Helen S. Cushing
Chrysanthemum Study	Irene Muir
Tulip Study	Millicent E. Hanson
Group B, Flowers.....	Mildred E. Emery

WATER COLORS.

Group C, Still Life and Flowers.....	Marian S. Blakeley
Group D, Still Life and Flowers.....	Helen S. Cushing
Group E, Still Life and Flowers.....	
.....	Elizabeth Kyle, Lorena Roberts, Mildred Emery, Helen Keen

CHARCOAL AND CHALK.

Sketches from Life. Drawings from Casts.

Group I.....	Irene Muir
Group II.....	Marian S. Blakeley
Group III.....	Helen S. Cushing
Group IV.....	Millicent E. Hanson
Group V.....	Elizabeth Kyle

THE HYAK.

Group VI.....	Mildred E. Emery
Group VII.....	Helen Keen
Group VIII.....	Lorena Roberts
Group IX.....	Florence York

DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION.

Historic and Original Design. Book Plates.....	
Helen S. Cushing, Millicent E. Hanson, Elizabeth Kyle, Helen Keen, Marian S. Blakeley, Martha L. Chapin, Mildred E. Emery, Lorena Roberts.	

Cartoons	Irene Muir
----------------	------------

POSTERS.

Easter	Irene Muir
Thanksgiving	Helen S. Cushing
Autumn	Marian S. Blakeley
Goldenrod	Millicent E. Hanson
Spring	Mildred E. Emery
Northern Pacific	Marian S. Blakeley

MECHANICAL DRAWINGS.

Problems and House Plans.....	Millicent E. Hanson
-------------------------------	---------------------

DIVISION II.—Class Work.

DIVISION III.—China Exhibit.

Helen S. Cushing	Adelia Schoder	Frieda Foard
Goldie Elliot	Millicent E. Hanson	

PROGRAM OF THE COMMENCEMENT RECITAL.

PART I.

Two Pianos, Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 1.....	Chopin
Grace McDonald, Martha Chapin, Nellie Parker, Alice Houghton	
Piano, Prelude, Op. 28, No. 2—Waltz, Op. 40, No. 1.....	Chopin
Florence Swearingen	
Song, April Rain.....	Speaks
Lolo Foard	
Violin, Cavatina	Raff
Mary Swearingen	
Piano, Silver Spring.....	Wm. Mason

Evelyn Berger

Chorus, Doris *Nevin*

PART II.

Piano, The Erl-King *Schubert-Liszt*

Gertrude Nicol

Song, "Didst Thou Know that Sweet Land" *Thomas*

Goldie Elliot

Piano, To Spring *Grieg*Hark! Hark! The Lark! *Schubert-Liszt*

Mareline Clark

Song, "There's No Spring but You" *A. L.*

Beulah Sawyer

Piano, Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1. *Chopin*Waltz, Op. 34 *Moszkowski*

Irene Muir

Two Pianos, Andante from C Minor Symphony *Beethoven*

Madeline Clark, Florence Swearingen, Faye Ball, Winifred Higgins

A very enjoyable dancing party was given Saturday evening, May nineteenth, for the Senior class, by the day pupils of the class, at the home of Mrs. George E. Atkinson, on North Junett street. The hostesses of the evening were the Misses Mary Atkinson, Martha Chapin, Edna Williams, Amelia White and Lucy Cook.

Other delightful affairs of Commencement time, were: A dinner given Friday, May eighteenth, by Miss Caughran and Miss Edith den Bleyker, for the Seniors; a charmingly informal tea, given by Miss Golay for Miss Florence Nowell, who has been visiting her Alma Mater from Juneau, and a very pretty luncheon, in the Ben Johnson room of the Tacoma Hotel, receiving the incoming members into the Delta Pi Sorority.

The Alumnae banquet was held this year in the Ben Johnson room at the Tacoma, at one o'clock. The graduating class all wore their caps and

gowns, and at the close of the luncheon, sang their class song with charming spirit. The speakers were: Bishop Keator, Mrs. Raynor, Mrs. Fratt, the first graduate of the Annie Wright Seminary; Miss Caughran, Mrs. Graff, president of the Alumnae Association; Mrs. Beebe, Mrs. Riddell, Miss Winifred Semour, Mrs. Ashton, Miss Louise Stone, a member of last year's class, and Miss Grace McDonald, president of the class of 1906. The initiation of the late Seniors into the ranks of the Alumnae was even more delightful than they, looking forward from the first year that they entered the Seminary, had ever imagined and they felt highly rewarded at last. Those present were: Bishop Keator, Mrs. Raynor, Mrs. James Ashton, Mrs. C. D. Fratt, of Everett; Mrs. C. M. Riddell, Mrs. Frederick Beebe, Miss Winifred Seymour, Mrs. M. W. Graff, Mrs. Post of Steilacoom; Mrs. Sidney Plummer, Miss Mae Eidermiller, Miss Alice Garlie, Miss Lena Clancey, Miss Margaret McClaine, Miss Caughran, Miss Edith Williams, of Renton; Miss Charlotte McNeely, of Everett; Miss Edna McMartin and the members of the graduating class.

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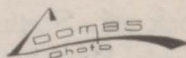
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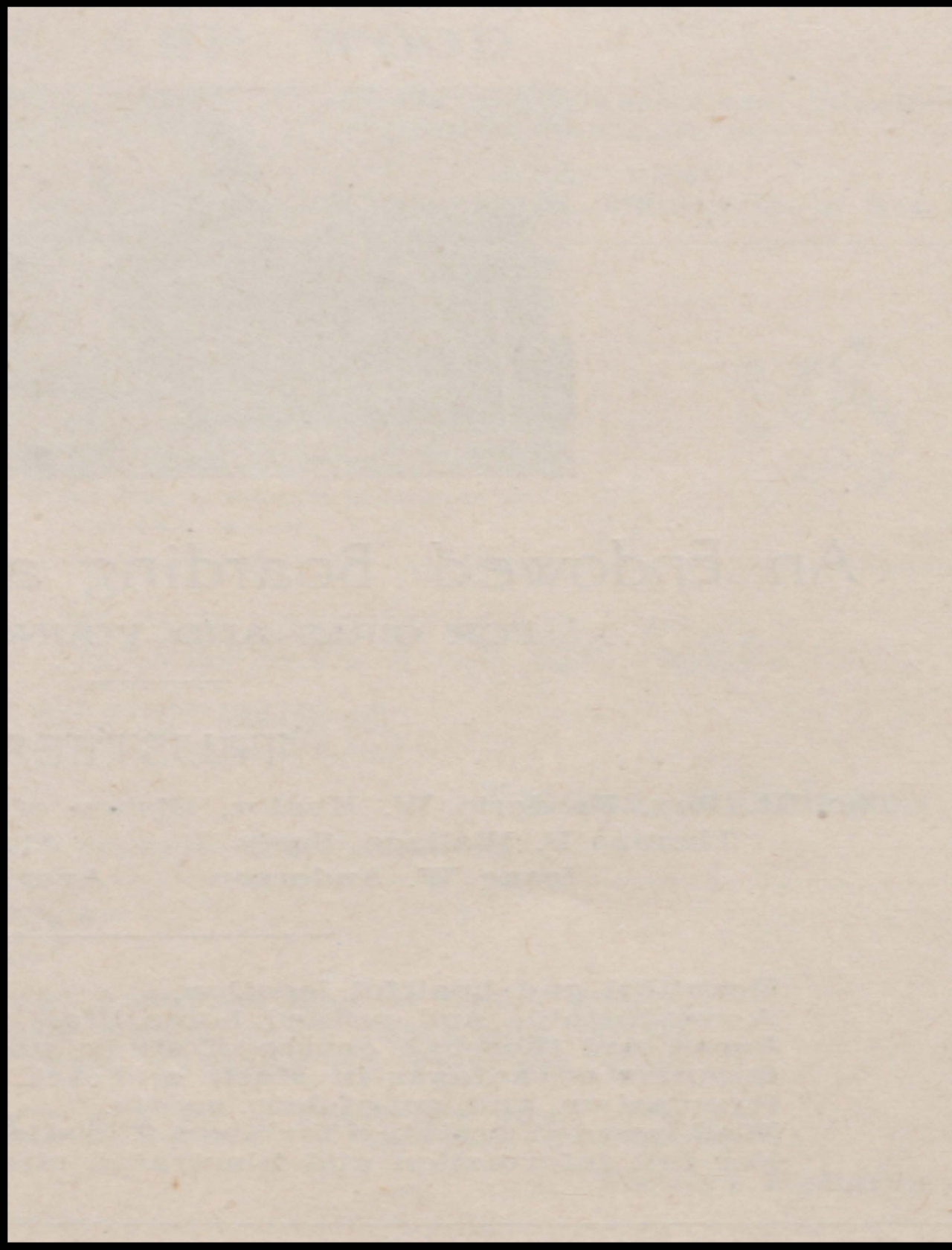
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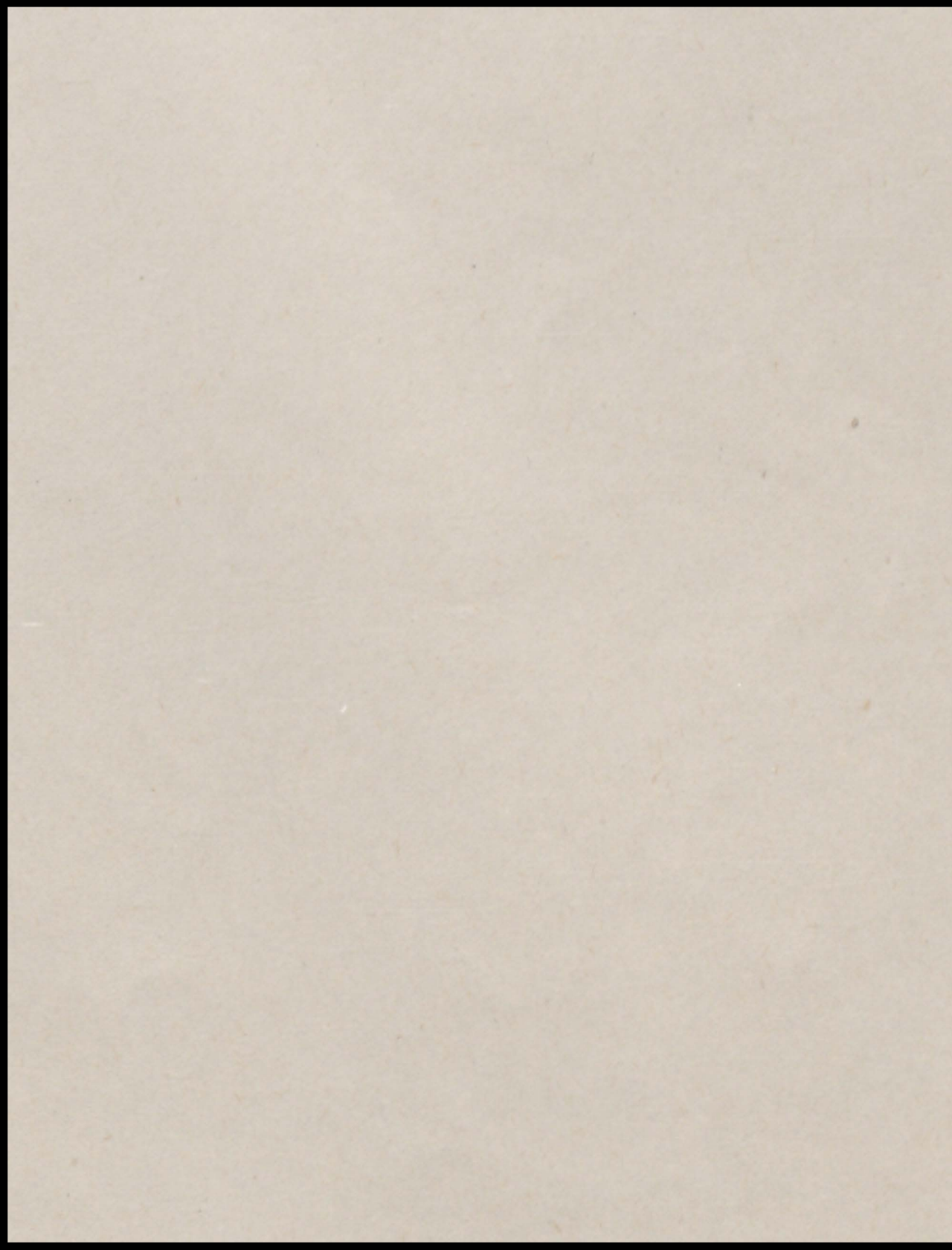
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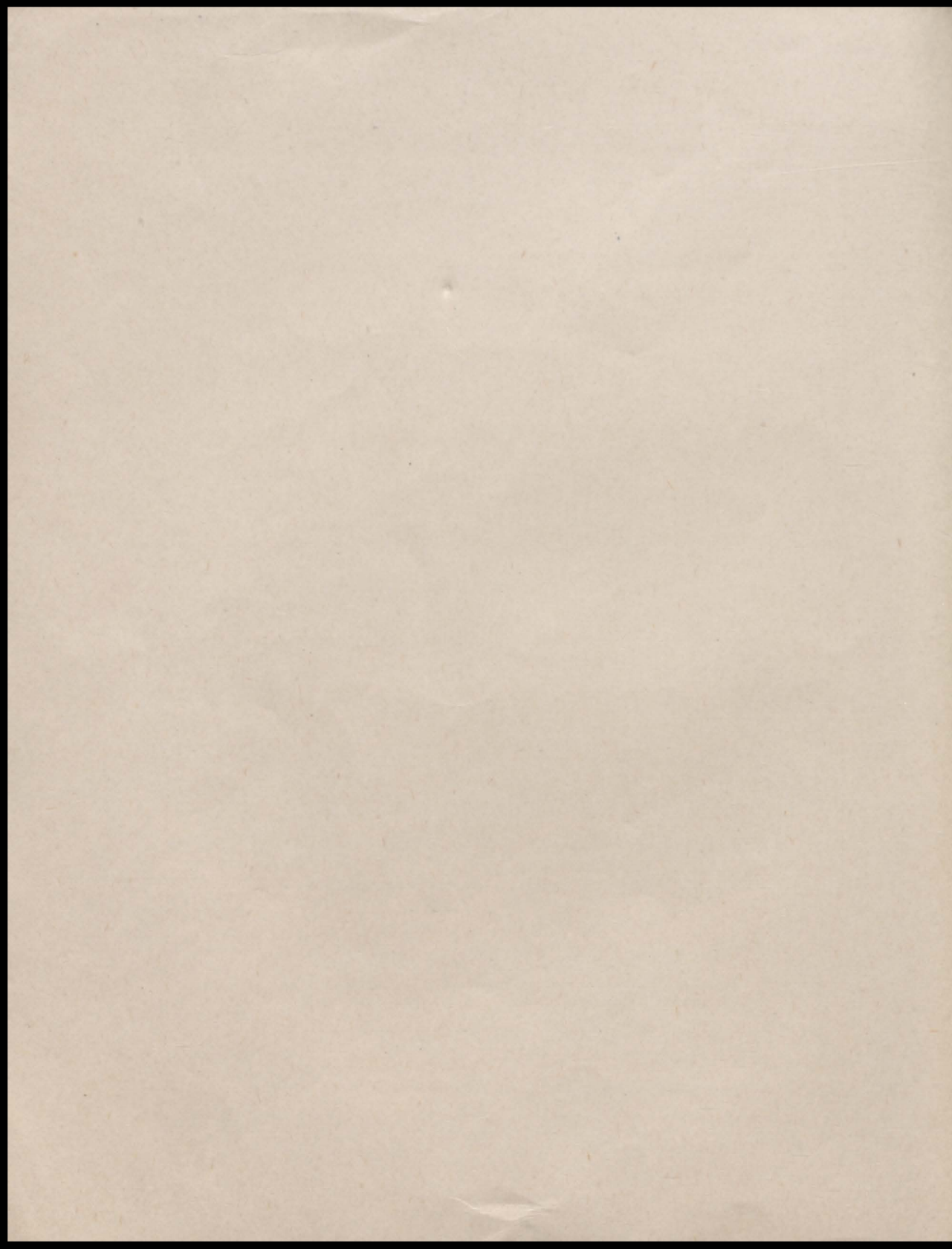
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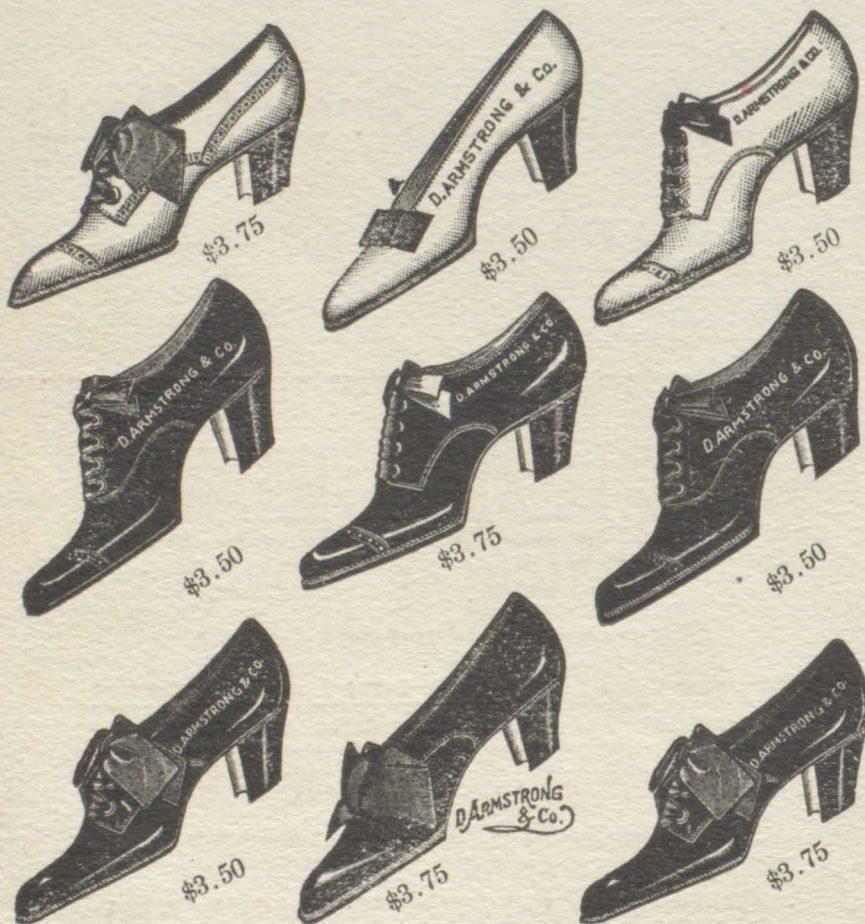
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